the hiſtory, of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the maſter and the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by me, I haue brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command Ile lay't vpon you, *Caſsio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſsio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddaine in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſsio*: So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries a ſhore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſsio* loues her, I do well beleeue it;
That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deere husband; now I doe loue her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (tho peraduenture,
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin,)
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poiſonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,
Till I am euen'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a iealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That iudgement can not cure; wh
If this poore traſh of *Venice*, wh
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the
Ile haue our *Michael Caſsio* on
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the r
(For I feare *Caſsio*, with my nigh
Make the Moore thanke me, loue
For making him egregiouſly an
And practiſing vpon his peace a
Euen to madneſſe: —tis heere, b
Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſee

Enter Othello's *Herauld*, *rea*

It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our nob
certaine tidings now arriued, i
Turkiſh Fleete; that euery man
dance, ſome make bonefirs; eac
addiction leades him; for beſides
lebration of his Nuptialls: So m
claimed. All Offices are open, and
ſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath
of *Cyprus*, and our noble General

Enter Othello, Caſſio,

Oth. Good *Michael* looke yo
Lets teach our ſelues that honour
Not to outſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath direction what
But notwithſtanding, with my pe
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is moſt honeſt:
Michael goodnight, to morrow w
Let me haue ſpeech with you, com
The purchaſe made, the fruits are
That profits yet to come twixt m
Good night.

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